

Ruthless Insanity

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Summary: Marco goes off the edge. Warning: It's dark with some gore at the beginning.

Ruthless Insanity

"Kill me, Marco."

I looked up at a pair of brown eyes. The face was still scarred where Jake had used his claws the last time we met, but it was still my mother.

No, it was Visser 1. Visser 1, the filthy Yeerk.

I stared into her eyes and tried to be what people thought I was. Ruthless Marco, I thought to myself. It wasn't working.

Be ruthless. Not your mom. An enemy.

Visser 1 looked at me and gave a contemptible snort.

"You couldn't kill your own mother, could you?" She laughed.

I glanced towards the door. Anytime, the others would defeat the Hork-Bajir outside, break into the room, and get me out of this situation.

Visser 1's hand was still firmly holding a Dracon beam at my head.

"Come here," She ordered. I complied.

< Marco! > Jake's thought-speak echoed in my mind, < We're coming! Stall for a few minutes. >

I couldn't reply, though. Visser 1 had me demorph as soon as I had entered. I could stall her for a few minutes, couldn't I?

"Put your hands on your head and turn around." Mom - no - Visser 1 ordered. Again, I complied. The tip of the Dracon beam pressed against the back of my skull.

Congratulations, Marco, I thought, you're stalling her well.

Suddenly, she flinched. I guess it was Mom, trying to save me. However, it was just enough time for me to spin around and grab the wrist holding the Dracon beam. I began to morph gorilla.

Visser 1 looked at me with pure rage. She began to kick me, but she might as well have flicked a finger at me. You couldn't do much to a boy/gorilla freak of nature that would phase it. She spat in my eyes.

I growled in anger, subconsciously - or was it? - tightening my grip. The dull crackle of bones being crushed was heard. The hand that held the Dracon beam went limp, and a clang was heard as the Dracon beam hit the floor.

I picked it up. An idea hit me. Set the beam to stun, or whatever. I tried to move the power setting with my clumsy hands. Suddenly, Mom charged. I looked up, but she was almost on top of me.

TSEW!!!

I was laying on my back. Mom was staring at her good hand, covered with blood as well as chunks from various organs. A small hole penetrated her midsection. She looked at me, trying to say something; nothing came out.

I got to my feet and slowly demorphed. The Dracon beam lay on the floor, but I would not touch it.

No. Not like this. A quick, painless death, if death. Not this. Not this slow. Not by my hands.

Mom keeled over, and blood began to pour out of her mouth. Tears streamed her scarred face.

Where was Jake? Where was Cassie? Where was Rachel? Why didn't they do something? Mom writhed in agony a few moments longer, then was still. I stood there, staring at her.

I have only cried three times before in my life. When I fell off my bike and broke my arm, at my mom's "funeral," and when I was at her grave just after I learned the truth. They were nothing compared to this. I don't know when Jake and the others finally got there. However, somehow they dragged me back home.

I stayed in my room the rest of the week. It was summer, so I didn't have to say I was sick. Still, nobody interrupted me. I doubt anyone wanted to.

On Wednesday, a bird tapped on my window. I looked up from my bed.

< Marco, open this window before I decide a grizzly will instead. >
Rachel demanded.

I let her in. She demorphed.

"Jake is having a meeting," Rachel told me, "You should be there."

Silence.

"It's really important," Rachel continued, "Our secret might be revealed."

Silence.

"Marco, this isn't like you! Say something."

"I killed her."

Now, she was silent. Finally, she said something.

"Marco, you did what needed to be-

"Needed to be done?!!" I yelled, interrupting her, "I was a gorilla! She was a human! I could have hit her upside the head! I could have held her down with both hands behind my back! I could have done a million things that would have saved her life!"

"You didn't though," Rachel stated, "Now, you can turn into a crazed moron, or you can go to the meeting."

"I'll be there." I told her.

"It's at noon." Rachel informed me.

"I sleep until noon during summer." I replied.

"Set the alarm, Shorty." She joked.

"Thanks, Tally."

With that, Rachel morphed back into an eagle and flew off. I watched her disappear.

I sighed and crawled back into bed. I had been having nightmares of Mom's death ever since it happened. I wasn't about to be disappointed again.

"Okay," Jake informed the group, "Visser 1 had a disk that stated we were humans and probably has more dirt on us than that. We need to go back and get it."

"Erek said Visser 3 was talking of a disk that possessed every shred of info Visser 1 had." Cassie told me.

Jake nodded.

"Marco, you're the one who got the best look around her quarters. Did you see anything?" Jake asked.

I nodded.

< Could you tell us? > Tobias asked.

"When I first saw her there," I explained, trying to act as if it wasn't my mother I had killed, "She opened a hidden drawer. It's sort of hard to explain where it is."

"Okay. Marco, I'm sorry, but you'll have to accompany me back.

"Ax and Tobias, watch us, but be wary of anything that comes out.

"Cassie and Rachel, you're out on this one. It's just the guys."

"Is this meeting adjourned - ad jur end -, Prince Jake?" Ax questioned. Jake nodded. I got up and left. Tobias watched me leave. However, he didn't watch an owl sneak back in.

"- Crazy?! Marco has completely flipped." Rachel yelled, "He's not okay, and he can't do this mission."

"I know," Jake sighed, annoyed, "but he's isn't talking about where the disk is. We have to have him in order to get it."

I tried to sneak a look in. A certain red-tailed hawk was looking right at me.

< Hello, Marco.> Tobias said, < The others haven't seen you yet. I would leave soon. >

I stared at him for a few seconds and flew off. How had he seen me? Forget it, Marco. Do the mission. Prove yourself to Jake and the others. Go back where you ki- where your Mom died. I flew home. I would show Jake, and Rachel, and Tobias, Ax, and Cassie? I would show them all. Ruthless Marco. Ruthless.

When I got home, I demorphed. Dad was gone for the evening. I went and turned on the TV in the living room.

I noticed a picture on the wall. A picture of Mom and Dad. Mom was staring at me. I looked away, but she was still staring. I could feel it. No matter what I did, she stared.

"Stop it!" I yelled. It didn't work. I huddled up into a fetal position. Rachel was right. I wasn't okay. You aren't okay. You should just tell Jake where it is. But I can't quit the team. Why? You were about to when you found out you're mom was alive. I don't care. I can't quit. You won't quit, Jake will throw you out. Oh, thanks. Don't mention it.

Finally, I fell asleep. And Mom was still staring.

The next day, I got up when my alarm went off. Jake, Ax, Tobias and I flew to Mom's - Visser 1's - hideout. Jake and I snuck in without anything going off, exploding, or making loud noises.

Mom's corpse was still there. I can't and won't even explain it except to say the smell was hideous.

Jake left the room in the middle of my excavation. I didn't care. The flies were the only one's who saw me take the disk. Then, I swear, I made eye contact with Mom's body.

I don't know when I finally left, but it was much later. Jake was waiting patiently. I took a step towards him.

Two Hork-Bajir suddenly grabbed me on each arm.

"Fool," Jake laughed, "You didn't think I would survive?"

A person walked up to Jake, "Visser 3 is now dead. We've contacted the Council, and you've been reinstated. It's nice to have you back, Visser 1."

Jake walked up to me with a cruel smile.

"I could have you made into a controller, Marco, but I won't. You are too pathetic for the lowliest Yeerk to even dream of infesting."

"What will you do?" I asked.

"I have already made arrangements." He smiled again. I could easily kill him. Part of me was saying to. Part of me was screaming to be ruthless. I did nothing.

"I bet you are wondering how I survived," Jake - Visser 1 - stated, "It is an interesting story, but it's not to be told now. Instead, I will leave you with the knowledge that ruthless Marco has left his team to a fate worse than death. Goodbye, fool." I stood there. I could kill all of them, but it didn't matter now. Nothing mattered.

Suddenly, two men came and put me into a straight jacket. I didn't resist. They walked me out.

"Tobias, Ax get away! Jake's a controller!" I yelled suddenly. It was the least I could do. I saw a one bird fly away as I was forced into the back of the van. < Marco, > I heard Tobias say suddenly, < I'm a fly. Let's get out of here. >

I shook my head slowly. I guess Tobias understood because I saw a fly suddenly just go out the window. It was over for me.

Epilogue

I guess the asylum was an okay place. The food wasn't terrible. However, I could never tell them what happened. Never.

A few weeks later, Tobias contacted me while I was in my room by myself.

< Hey, Marco. > He said.

"Hi, Bird-boy." I replied. We waited for a little while.

< Cassie's a controller, too now. Ax is free, but he's losing it. He's seeing things. > Tobias stated.

"Rachel?"

< She disappeared last week. I don't have a clue what happened to her. > Tobias muttered.

"It's all my fault." I groaned.

< Marco, we need people now more than ever. > Tobias told me, < Ax and I are preparing to head north. We could use some company. >

I was silent for a while.

"If I go, promise me one thing." I stated.

< Anything. >

"Promise me you'll never ever say the word ruthless."

< No problem. >

An hour later, we were on our way. Ax had acquired a condor while I was gone, so he had the blue box. It's okay, now, I told myself. Yeah right, I replied.

End
file.